

THE ROSE BETTE MIDLER

Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed
Some say love, it is a hunger,
An endless aching need
I say love, it is a flower,
And you its only seed

It's the heart, afraid of breaking,
That never learns to dance
It's the dream, afraid of waking,
That never takes a chance
It's the one who won't be taken,
Who cannot seem to give
And the soul, afraid of dyin',
That never learns to live

When the night has been too lonely,
And the road has been too long
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snows

Lies the seed, that with the sun's love,
In the spring becomes the rose